

Lunch time in the land
Of talented cats,
The cats are dancing
On their claws.
There is the drip
Of dripping whiskers,
The flutter of flying fish
In the land of talented cats.
Guitars can swim,
And moonlight colors birds.
Everyone can see into the dark.
Listen, the cats
Are dancing on their claws.
Fish are flying to the moon.
Birds are hiding in guitars.
Everyone can see into the dark.
Everyone can see the gloomy place.
Everyone can see
The music loving snakes.
Everyone is going
To the great concert of serpents
In the land of talented cats.
Everyone will be pleased
Except those who are eaten,
For it is lunch time
In the land of talented cats.

When the ice cream cat of Alabama
Floats by the furry flowers of unless,
And the fox wicks are clipped,
You will know, as sure as
Money burning in Antartica.

When the ice cream cat meows,
The cabbage worms undress unless,
And all the conditional chicken feathers
Fall like flint in a wind of jelly.

Misfortune in Alabama,
Large thrashing syllables are seen
Meowing in the drainage ditches,
The moon and stars are oozing garlic
For the ice cream cat of Alabama.

-- Charles Wyatt

Nashville, Tennessee